# A LITANY FOR THE FAST.

W. Hone Par. Coll: No. 175

FROM Merit unweildy, and overgrown Worth;
From ſuch Honours and Loyalty, Faith and ſo forth,
As three Princes betray'd, and now bullies the Fourth,
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From Duty that is ſuch a Rarity thought,
That while Honour and Conſcience, not worth a Groat,
This at the Price of a Houſe and Crown-Lands muſt be bought,
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From who keeps the Vacant Commiſſions ſix Months
Of Colonels and Captains, Premiers and Seconds;
And oh! Terrible thus is an Army at once,
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From a Peace to be manag'd by ſuch Plenipoes
As thereby Forty Thouſand *per annum* muſt loſe,
And who has no Paſſion for Money, God knows,
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From the Cauſe of a Court, and the Spawn of a Bawd,
From Malice and Faction, Pride Envy and Fraud;
From a Cloven-Foot veil'd with a Petticoat Lord,
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From the Peſt of a State, a Club-ridden Knave,
VVho a Nation does with their own money enſlave,
And has damn'd more than Thou in thy Juſtice can ſave,
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From Tremendous Cabals that do Fatally riſe,
From an Elightning Cuſtard and Hot *Mutton-Pyes*,
To bubble the *State*, and bully the *Skies*,
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From ſuch Civil Law as inſults Holy VVrit,
From the Number where Faction contracted does ſit
Into Five; that's Two Fools, Two Knaves and a VVit,
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From a People too good to be told of their Faults,
From an Head of a City, whoſe *Word* goes for nought,
VVho'll endeavour to ſave *St. Paul's*-work, 'tis thought,
*Libera Nos, &c.*